..Our Boysand Girls..

Edited by Aunt Busy.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers.

Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the nieces and nephews who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not have letters too long.

Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited.

The manuscrips of contributions not accepted will be returned.

Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews—Aunt Busy has just heard from three little girls who have joined her "good morning" club and she is so pleased that she was just wishing it was morning so she could say "good morning" to everybody. This reminds Aunt Busy of something funny that happened this evening. Aunt Busy was hurrying to her office about an hour ago and met the colored janitor in the hall. "Good morning," said the man, meaning, of course, "good evening," and Aunt Busy laughed so hard that the old colored man looked at her in amazement. He did not know the joke about "good morning," and Aunt Busy was amused to think she discovered a new nephew in an old, very old, and very black colored man. Ever your good morningly.

AUNT BUSY.

LETTERS AND ANSWERS.

Salt Lake, Oct. 21.

Dear Auntie Busy—This is a partnership letter to tell you that we are all members of your "good morning" club. We have very nice teachers, and they treat us real well, and we say "good morning" to them. We told them about your "good morning" society, and they were pleased at the idea.

Your loving nieces,

FLORENCE M'DONALD.
AGNES FORD.
JENNIE TIMMONS.

Aunt Busy has a warm welcome for the "three little maids from school." Keep on saying "good morning," dears, and write often to Aunt Busy.

Jim's Sweetheart.

Mother put on her Sunday best,
Her lilac wedding gown,
And white straw bonnet neatly tied
With strings of faded brown;
We woke before the roosters crowed,
And started in the dew
To see the boat race, for our Jim
Was captain of the crew.

He took it in his curly head
To want a college course;
I parted with the pasture lot
And sold the sorrel horse.
We sent him every penny saved,
And made a seedy pair
In garments that had long outlived
Their days of useful wear.

The surging throng closed up in front,
We could not see our son,
But soon a mighty cheer went up,
And told us Jim had won.
The crowd took up the college yell
And sent it to the skies,
And college colors everywhere
Shook out their brilliant dyes.

He stepped ashore, looked up and saw
His mother's wrinkled face,
And hurried to her through the ranks
Of broadcloth, silk and lace.
He never gave a single glance
Toward the pretty girls,
But kissed her on the withered lips,
And kissed her silver curls.

His sunburnt face was glorified
With proud and happy smiles,
He did not mind because her hat
Was years behind the styles,
But led her out before his friends,
A figure quaint and prim,
In stiff, old-fashioned lilac silk—
"My sweetheart, boys," said Jim.

Advice to a Young Man.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see that men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m. and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-So's boy;" nobody likes them; the great busy world does not know they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be likely to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Robert Burdette.

Bob's Trust.

"Bob! Bo-o-ob! Robert!" It was mother calling from the back porch, and Bob, who had been cooking up a perfectly glorious plan for the afternoon, left Roy White reluctantly and went to see what his mother wanted.

Mother was standing on the porch dressed for a walk. "Bob, dear, I've just had word that Mrs. Holbrook has been taken very ill. I must go to her at once; she is all alone, and there is no one to whom she can turn. You will take care of Rose, won't you, Bob? She mustn't go outdoors, so I will have to ask you to amuse her in the house. And, oh, Bob, do look after the kitchen fire, please."

She was gone before Bob could answer; she was so anxious she did not even say she was sorry that Bob would have to give up his long looked for Saturday afternoon, which he could have all to himself. All the spring there had been so much to do about the garden that he really hadn't a minute to do as he pleased in, and now that old Mrs. Holbrook had to go and get sick just to spoil his fun. Mother was always trotting off to take care of people that didn't belong to her! He wished she would consider his pleasure sometimes. He went in and banged the door hard, and helped himself to freshly baked heavily sugared jumbles from the big trayful on the kitchen table.

Rose, who had had a long siege of whooping cough—such a foolish disease, Bob thought—was cutting out pictures at the dining-room table. She looked quite thin and white for a little girl named Rose, but she looked up happily when Bob entered.

"Hi, Bobby!" she said, in a jolly little chuckle. "You have to be my muvver this day. Hallo, Muvver Bob!"

Bob had to smile. "Well, kidlet, what do you want to do most of all? Go on cutting out pictures?"

"No. I'm tired of that. What I want to do most is to write a story 'bout my Moses. You must write it, an' I'll tell you what to write. She is the most cunningest kitten that ever was. She does more funny things than that kittie you read about last week."

Bob went for paper and pencil, which he put down beside Rose, and Moses climbed up beside her to see what was going on.

"Suppose you begin the story while I run out and tell Roy I can't go hunting with him this afternoon. Don't stir till I come back, will you, Rose?"

"How long?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Oh, a minute or two; you can write on the paper, but don't get down out of your chair."

"All right, I won't, honor bright," said Rose, and Bob knew she always did what she promised, especially when she said "honor bright."

"It's a plagued shame!" said Roy, when Bob told him. "Can't you tie her up somehow, and come on for a little while?"

"She's as good as tied now," said Bob, "for she's promised not to stir."

"Hark! What's that?" asked Roy.

Both boys listened.

"Sounds like a brass band," said Bob.

"Let's just run down to the turn to see what it is."

Both boys ran down to the turn, and far, far down the road they saw a cloud of dust. They watched it for a moment. "A circus!" gasped Bob.

It was the first time in the lifetime of those two boys that a circus had come to their farming town. Bob and Roy forgot poor little Rose, and tore down the road to meet the circus. It was a long time before Bob remembered. Then his conscience smote him terribly.

"Poor little kid!" he thought; "I ought to go back to her."

But just then a bear began cutting up as if he wanted to escape, and all the animals turned restless, and there was so much excitement that Bob forgot again. The circus had turned down a long, level road, and Bob was quite a ways from home when he thought of Rose again. It was getting late in the afternoon, and with a great effort he turned his face homeward. As he looked toward his home, which was almost out of sight, he saw a big golden blaze. "Looks like a fire," he thought to himself. Then like a flash came the memory of his mother's warning to look after the fire. He turned suddenly faint. What if the house was on fire and Rose was burned to death! She would not stir from that chair when she had promised "honor bright." He flew like the wind up the road, done in racing with the boys. His fright made 'ending his head and speeding as he had so often 'im swift. He did not stop for anything, but went —on—on with the horrible fear in his heart.

He hardly dared look up till he was almost home, then he gave a gasp of relief. The fire was nothing more or less than the setting sun blazing on the upper windows.

He stole softly into the house. There was poor little Rose, her head on her arms. She was talking to herself.

"I hope nuffin dreadful has happened to my darling brother Bob. He said he would come back in a minute, and seem's if it was a long minute, and I know my own dear, big brother Bob wouldn't go off and leave his little sick sister all alo-o-one. Maybe a big bear's ate him. But I can't go to see 'cause I promised 'honor bright.' I've had time to have a whole long nap. I didn't s'pose a minute was so long. Did you, Moses?"

Bob tiptoed softly behind her and picked her up in his arms. He hugged her hard, and cuddled her, and told her wonderful stories with animals in them that barked and mewed and crowed and growled, and Rose forgot all the lonely time, and thought her big brother Bob was the dearest that ever was. And after that day she was not mistaken, for Bob never forgot his little sister again. —Catholic News.

A Prince's Kindness.

While yet heir to the throne, Frederick VIII, the now King of Denmark, had occasion, on several of his journeys, to visit Paris and the Riviera. This little anecdote, which shows the man's simple and charming kindness, is told by a diplomat who once had the honor of accompanying him to Nice.

One day the prince and the diplomat were walking through the market place on the Boulevard Saleya. As they picked their way along the narrow path, formed by the venders' baskets, one of the little girls who work as "portairis" offered her services to the prince in the customary words:

"Carry, sir, carry?"

"But I am not buying, little one," he replied, "so I have nothing for you to carry."

The child started to go on her way, when suddenly he called her back and began questioning her. He learned that she lived with an invalid aunt—old and poor.

"Come," said he, "I am going to buy."

And she went along while he bought vegetables, pates and fruit, two chickens and some cheese. When the basket was filled, imagine her delighted astonishment as he exclaimed:

"There! Carry this home to your aunt—and don't work any more today."

A WORD WITH THE GIRLS.

It is the girl who does things in this world who is attractive, both to men and to her own sex, which last counts a little, too, in the long run. You may not be able to do great things, to paint great pictures or to sing in grand opera, but you can learn to make bright little things for yourself and your friends and perhaps play the "eatchy" airs of the day so that your friends will enjoy them, and if you can't do anything else cultivate the art of talking brightly and of being sympathetic. Every girl can do one thing well if she will only take the trouble to find out what that thing is. The difficulty is that she often looks in the opposite direction; she wants to do something great and showy or nothing at all. But there are other talents within reach if she will only look, and these talents may be such a comfort to her in her dark hours that they will make life better and happier both for herself and those about her. How the world likes a cheerful, plucky girl who maks a brave fight and hides her skeleton in a closet instead of folding her hands and whining because things don't come her way—the girl who puts her own griefs as much as possible aside and who takes a wholesome interest in life—is the one who wins out every time.

The Boys We All Like.

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

The boy who never cheats or is unfair in his play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken, his character.

The boy who never calls anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls him. He cannot throw mud and keep his own hands clean.

The boy who is never cruel. He has no right to hurt even in fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindliness is the mark of a gentleman.

The boy who never lies. Even white lies leave spots on the character.

The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to say no when asked to do a wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in.

The boy who never forgets that God made him to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful thing.

A Rising Son of the West.

(By Frederic E. Winsor.)

Jay Darwin Bacon, 14 years old, said to be the only boy in the United States who is stenographer in a Juvenile Court, lives in Denver. He holds this position under Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, whose good work in the Juvenile Court has given him national prominence. He also acts as private secretary to Judge Lindsey.

Young Bacon was born in Tyler, Minn. After the death of his father, he removed with his mother and brother to Denver, where he was compelled to leave school and seek work at the early age of 11. He became a telephone boy in a large office building, and won many friends by his frank, open countenance, pleasing manners, and willingness to serve his employer. With a determination to better his condition in life, he set about learning shorthand under the instruction of H. D. Colburn, his stepfather, and after studying nights for a year and a half, he became proficient in the art. Then it was that Judge Lindsey, learning of the boy's struggles, gave him work as a stenographer, and later he promoted him to the position of trust and responsibility he now occupies.

The lad is taking up the study of law during his spare time, and already possesses a remarkable understanding of legal questions. He finds Judge Lindsey willing to loan him text-books on law, and to offer him encouragement in many ways. Like many of the great men of past or present time, Jay Bacon is rising above the discouragements and disappointments of life, and pressing forward toward an honorable success.—American Boy.

Not Work, But Worry.

It is not the work, but the worry.
That wrinkles the smooth fair face,
That blends gray hairs with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the luster and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled
With a weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hand's hard labor
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah, no! But we plan and ponder
How both ends can be made to meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid
When we should be cheery and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And even a cloud in the blue;
The scent of the rose is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half the story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan,
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man!

The true Christian lives in sorrow, and dies in joy.—St. Augustine.